

R. Edgren's COLUMN

Fulton Ought to Start With Dillon and Not Easy Marks.

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FRED FULTON, according to a letter just received from his manager, is very anxious to pick an easy mark for his next fight. His manager doesn't put it exactly that way, but he names the man he wants to match Fulton with. First on the list is Jim Coffey. Next is Moran. Third is Weimer.

Perhaps Mr. Fulton and his manager, being far removed from New York, haven't heard the boxing news of the past year. Possibly they really think that in Coffey, Moran and Weimer they are selecting the pick of the Eastern heavyweights. It may be possible that Fulton hasn't learned that several months ago Frank Moran knocked out Jim Coffey twice, entirely eliminating him from the heavyweight possibility class, and that Coffey's attempts to "come back" against carefully selected "soft ones" have been dismal failures. Just why Fulton should be matched with Moran, and that match have any bearing whatever on selecting an opponent for Willard, puzzle me. But maybe Fulton hasn't heard that Moran has been whipped in his last two fights. Willard trimmed him so easily that it was a joke, of course. That was to be expected. Willard outclassed Moran too far in knowledge, size, strength and fighting qualities. But Moran was beaten even more decisively by little Jack Dillon, who outboxed him in every one of ten rounds and outlasted him so far that even Moran had to smile at his own helplessness.

AND as for Weimer, the third Fulton selection, Charlie is a youngster and may yet go far. But at present he is only second rater, with at least one master, Dillon has whipped him twice. In Philadelphia Dillon knocked Weimer out of the ring, and he didn't come back. In Madison Square Garden Dillon nearly finished Weimer with a body blow in the fifth round, and gave him a floor beating in the remaining five. Only real gameness and skill enabled Weimer to last through the ten rounds. And as for Dillon, who has never made any real attempt to get a return match. In fact, Weimer's former manager told me that Charlie intended to wait a year before taking another chance with Dillon, hoping in the course of a year to grow enough in physique and skill to at least get through without a beating.

Why doesn't Fulton start his challenge with Dillon, who has proved himself in a class above the other three?

"FULTON," writes his manager, "is at this time in fine condition and could be ready to fight within a few days. His habits continue as good as when he started and he neither smokes nor drinks. He is gradually taking on pounds and weighs close to 220 stripped now and in shape. Another year should see him stripped at 225. His boxing has improved wonderfully during the past six months and he will easily outbox any heavyweight now appearing before the public. This has been accomplished through continued hard work. We have been offered numerous minor engagements in the East, but have held off, hoping for a crack at Moran, Weimer or Coffey. He has won consistently the past year. We make no wild claims, and are satisfied that the best publicity we can get is news stories of his continued victories.

"Fulton is authority for the statement that you will see him in the ring with Willard before the winter has drawn to a close. We recognize Jess Willard, not as the 'chess' he is, but as a real champion, and we believe in approaching him, not with bombast, but with a careful blending of modesty and assertiveness. This does not mean that we fear Willard, for we believe that Fred will beat him whenever they meet. Yours truly, FRANK C. FORCE."

FULTON is a heavy boxer, with plenty of courage and confidence. He is six and a half feet tall, long of reach and has a corking left hand. If he weighs 220 pounds stripped he's certainly big enough to beat all of the heavyweights up to Willard himself. And if the Los Angeles reports of Willard's condition are true—he's said to have gone over 200 pounds in weight and to be as short-winded as a prize pouter—there's no reason why Fulton should be a hopeless outsider in the betting if Willard will meet him.

IT rather has 220 pounds of Fulton's lean fighting weight to bet on than Willard's 200 pounds of flesh gained by soft and unaccustomed luxury. But if Willard is down to his normal 245 pounds—well, give me Jess against Fulton, the rest of the bunch, or a steam locomotive.

COTTY MONTEITH says that Freddy Welsh's manager wants \$50,000 for Welsh's date to fight Dundee. Oh, well, any one has a right to want anything. About 10 per cent. of that sum would be an enormous purse to pay for anything Welsh could deliver in the ring.

PUDDIE HEFFELFINGER, the giant Yale guard of nearly thirty years ago, is at New Haven coaching and playing against the regulars in guard position. He is forty-nine years of age, but quite able to hold his own in any scrimmage. How many men are there of Heff's age who could stand against a Yale rush line for ten seconds? Not one in a thousand! That's what football training did for Heffelfinger.

BEST STARTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

FULTON GROWING OUT OF THE "STRING BEAN" CLASS

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REMEMBER, JACK, I WEIGH 220 POUNDS NOW.

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT—WHEN YOU GO DOWN FALL BACKWARD SO YOU WON'T LAND ON ME.

FULTON MAY THINK HE'S TOO BIG NOW TO FIGHT DILLON—BUT JACK WOULDN'T MIND IT.

IS THAT SO ABOVE OR BELOW THE ANKLES?

I WEIGH 220 NOW, FRANK.

IT WON'T WORRY MORAN.

Bugs Baer Says: Inmates of Georgetown and Fordham Universities Spent Election Day Pummeling, Cleating and Massaging One Another to a Fare-Ye-Well, and at the Finish Everything Was Even Except the Score. The Southerners Won, but Fordham Had Just as Good a Time.

By Bugs Baer.

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THE HEAVY ARRESTS among football players doesn't necessarily imply a laxness of vigilance on the part of the police. The fact that a fullback or tackle is rarely convicted doesn't prove that a section of the jury has had its palm crossed with silver. The well-known fact that very few quarterbacks and ends are ever brought to justice is a psychological phenomenon that is tough to explain. Were a citizen to assault his fellow being with as much concentrated ferocity on a boulevard or public vehicle as he displays on a football field they would send him so far away in five minutes that it would take him five years to get back.

The explanation is simple, so simple in fact as to be almost foolish. It is geographical. It all depends on where you riot.

Twenty-two inmates of Georgetown and Fordham Universities spent Election Day pummeling, cleating and massaging one another to a fare-you-well, and at the finish everything was even except the score. The Southerners won, but Fordham had just as good a time. The weather was beautiful.

Being employed in a football game, the boys were unable to vote, but they probably would have voted wrong anyway, so it's all right. Don't think that we are trying to create an impression that the game was featured by unimportant tactics, slugging and the rest of that paraphernalia. It was a clean football game lamped from a football angle. From a non-combatant's eye-point a clean football game is about as clean as the bottom of a parrot's cage.

It all depends on your early diet. Fed from infancy on broken glass, slightly used carpet tacks and old boots, you might grow up to view football as a perfectly legal game. But to the student who is raised on nothing more sinister and robust than chocolate russets and four-minute eggs, football isn't a game. It's an epidemic.

The game was as close as a carriage dog's spots for two periods, but in the second half the Washingtonians uncorked a running attack that contained almost as many ingredients as hash, and that was just as mysterious as the Seventh Point of Sining Quon.

The gent who perpetrated most of the damage was a lad named Gilroy, who would be more famous than George Washington if he had gone to Yale or Harvard. But merely playing on a small college, he doesn't attract any more attention than a derby hat does in December. Gilroy operated a mean pair of ankles on the football field. When he gets the ball he doesn't stop to gossip. He might like peach pie, but he doesn't stop to order any. All he does is gallop with the ball. His eyes glister like a pair of shoe buttons, and he is just as hard to stop as a leak in a water pipe.

After Georgetown started in, Fordham didn't see any more of the ball than an Eskimo does of the Chautauque circuit. They started down the field twice for touchdowns in spite of a minority vote from the New York delegation. Fans who motored, ankled or roller-skated out to Fordham to see the contest can easily figure how the Southerners trimmed Dartmouth.

If those lads went to college to study football, they are professors already.

Georgetown prevented Fordham from getting to the scoring polls.

The feature of the game was Fordham's multiple repulse of the Southemners within the fifteen-yard line. Eight slams were made at the home team's goal and eight times they were slapped down. After each slam an inquest was held over the leather. Its position was measured, its temperature was taken and its complexion was noted. It looked like a clinic.

The contest was one of the most formidable matinees we've glimpsed in a long time.

Against the Georgetown defense, all of Fordham's runs were microscopic marathons.

Again, we repeat that football ain't no game for debutants.

If football players were bald there would be a lot of tackles missed. The diffusive or skull tackle is very popular with gridiron specialists. When you snatch a runner by his Marcell wave the old bird is glad to stop and endeavor to effect a compromise that will be beneficial to both parties.

Fordham couldn't have been more helpless if Walter Johnson had been pitching.

Watch twenty-two perfectly good, robust insurance risks beat and thump one another for an hour and advance one logical reason why women shouldn't get the vote. Can't he done.

This Real Sportsmanship

Nobody Can Accuse Kid Ted Lewis of Being Lacking in the Proper Feeling Toward a Successful Rival.

By Bozeman Bulger.

THE fact that President Wilson had wound up his campaign with a golf switched the conversation from election to sports in general.

"Any man that plays golf is bound to be a good sport," one of the debaters was declaring with great emphasis when the gang looked around.

"Golf?" replied the other, "where d'ye get that golf stuff as good sport?"

"It's the only game left that has any sportsman in it," said Debater No. 1. "There ain't no sport in baseball, boxing, billiards and things like that because the men in them ain't sports at heart."

"You don't think there are any sports in the prize-fighting game?" asked Debater No. 2.

"I should say not. All they think of is getting a little dough, and this stuff about one of them having regard for fair play while mauling the other is rot. You can't tell me that men do that. And still feel all right toward each other. As long as they get the dough they had just as soon see the other guy dragged off to the hospital."

"Do you know Ted Lewis, the welterweight?" Debater No. 2 asked, and the other man admitted that he'd heard of him. "Well," he went on, "I'm going to tell you something, and if you don't take back the remark you've just made I'll buy wine for the whole house and start this election right off night. Are you on?"

"Debater No. 1 was.

"Well, listen: Jack Britton and Ted Lewis fought twice for the welter-

weight crown, or whatever you call it. Those two fights meant a lot to the future of those boys—a lot to their families. Now, in the last fight in Boston, Britton knocked the tar-wading out of Lewis in what was one of the bitterest matches ever fought in the East.

"All right, what about it?" asked Debater No. 1, impatiently.

"What about it?" repeated the historian. "I was coming down Broadway two days later and I met Ted Lewis, running around in circles looking for his manager."

"I got to see him right quick," he said, because I can't locate my mother. I guess she'll be home to-night, but I have got to get hold of her or some lady relative of my manager right now."

"What's all the trouble?" I wanted to know.

"This," he said, and waved a letter in my face. "Go ahead and read it," he said. "It's no secret."

In the letter Britton, the man who had just knocked Lewis's face off and put a big dent in his future, had notified his opponent of the birth of a baby girl at his house. "Mrs. Britton and the kid," he added, "are both doing well."

"Well, what's the idea?" I asked. "Is he trying to kid you or something?"

"Kid me?" and he looked surprised. "No, no kidding that he wants me to know it."

"But that don't explain why you are running around in circles and looking for your mother or some other good woman."

"It don't," hollered Lewis. "If I don't find a woman, how-in-all do you think I'm going to buy a present to send up there to-day? You don't think I've got sense enough to pick out something for a kid, do you?"

"If it was a boy I'd buy boxing gloves, but what do I know about a little girl's likes and dislikes?"

"He beat it away in a hurry. Afterwards I found out that he did locate his mother and get that handsome present, which was sent up to the mother and baby of the man who had licked him."

"Was Ted Lewis a sportsman?" he asked in conclusion. "I'm just asking you, that's all."

"Till buy," said Debater No. 1.

Fistic News by John Pollock and Gossip

Judging by the great demand for tickets for the coming ten-round battle between Mike Gibbons and Jack Dillon at the auditorium in St. Paul on Friday night, it seems certain that the gate receipts will go over \$50,000. The sale of tickets for the first night amounted to \$100,000. The 100 box seats, which are selling for \$10 each, were sold first. Dillon is so certain that he is going to get the newspaper verdict over Gibbons that he has already wagered \$10,000 on his chances. The moving picture firm that will take pictures of the fight has offered Dillon \$1,000 for his end, which he has turned down.

Frankie Brown, the likely bantamweight of this city, and Kid Taylor of Brooklyn have been matched for twelve rounds at a show to be held at Madison, N. H., on the night of Dec. 10. If Brown beats Taylor he will most likely be signed up to fight Johnny Little or Dick Leonard for fifteen rounds at Baltimore.

Manager Wetmore of the Broadway Sporting Club of Brooklyn has decided to match two of the greatest heavyweights and the pulchritudinous Milwaukee heavyweight for a ten-round bout at his club on Nov. 28. Mike Moran of St. Paul and Jess Willard of the Harlem Sporting Club Friday and the other with Johnny Dundee at the Olympic A. A. of Philadelphia one week from to-night.

Mike McFadden, the Irish middleweight champion, claimant who took Tommy Robinson at the Farmington A. C. Saturday night, declares that if Jimmy O'Leary, the Albany boxer, is having trouble finding opponents that he'll take him on any distance from six to twenty rounds. McFadden showed in his victories over Knockout Rooney and the New Al McCoy that he is the makings of a top-notch middleweight.

Young Otto, the local lightweight, was matched to-day to meet Dummy Harris in the feature of ten rounds at the Greenbush A. C. of Long Island, on next Saturday night. Willie Koller and Walter Bonds will also look up in a ten-round war.

Billy Gibson, manager of Benny Leonard, the crack local lightweight, says that the clever Hebrew is on his way to his two important engagements, the first against Stanley Yocum at the Harlem Sporting Club Friday and the other with Johnny Dundee at the Olympic A. A. of Philadelphia one week from to-night.

George Hartman, the Dubliner boxer, was matched to-day to fight Young Oscar (Larkin) the real lightweight before the Southern A. C. of Cincinnati, Va., Nov. 10.

Joe Wagner, the ex-bantam, who is the manager of Jack Newman, the real side-belted one, has come to the front rapidly during the past few months, and his name is being heard

PUTTING 'EM OVER With "Bugs" Baer

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RABID RUDOLPH SAYS

KID WILL-IAMS may be a bantam on the home scales.

Election returns still coming in from the outlying counties, which are all trying to outdo each other.

Two things we wouldn't want to be this month: A football player or a turkey.

Report that he bought the Red Sox has been denied by Bronco Billy, but you notice he is low in humor to run seven miles before he is picked it.

Now that theatrical interests have really bought the Boston Americans, why don't some circus interests absorb the Cincy Reds?

Freddy Welsh insists on his own terms for a fight with Johnny Kilbane. Fred won't even allow John to bring his own handuffs.

University of Pennsylvania might make some gain coming by putting a meal on each student's oval line.

The fight fan would rather see a fighter carry a blow with his chin than with his heels.

We've lapped many a football practice and have seen many a player outplayed by the tackling dummy.

Seems impossible to stop cutting at night, whether baseball, indoor football, summer designs and photographic finishing.

The Cornell eleven had better out loose. Two snails have passed 'em already.

As usual, the Harvard team is up crutches, but did you ever get slammed with one of those things?

Big vote cast in Philadelphia. When it comes to voting in that burg everybody is foolish.

Looks as if Yale's strength will depend on Harvard's weakness.

More men have been stymied by themselves than by others.

Folks naturally wonder if Willson and Hughes voted for themselves. . . . polite thing to do is to vote for the other man. . . . Robinson Crusoe and Friday had an election. Willson would have been a tie. . . . the parrot couldn't vote. . . . although a lot of folks here vote like parrots. . . . if Friday had voted two votes Robinson Crusoe would have been sore. . . . he would have known that Friday's vote made it unanimous. RABID RUDOLPH.

Between the athletes and the University of Pennsylvania, about the only thing that is in a summer and their baseball in winter.

Don't be a crumb.

ANSWERS TO QUEERIES.

Wapp—You might do a brother and with a squirrel. . . .

Zip—You got the worst of that bad bet. Judging from your bet you only bet a five and three-eighths. If you win you don't win much hat. . . .

Knutt—Rolling a quart of loose cranberries with a pair of boxing gloves on for three miles is tough bet. Still there is more than one way to pass an autumn. . . .

Guffer—You say you won a season pass to Shibe Park. You didn't win. You lost.

BURNS AND DOYLE WIN AT THE PIONEER CLUB.

Frankie Burns, the crack New Jersey bantamweight, made good in another battle last night by decisively defeating Benny McCoy, formerly of Baltimore but now of this city, in the feature bout of ten rounds at the boxing show of the Pioneer Sporting Club. McCoy did not have a round to his credit. Burns taking the lead from the first tap of the bell until it clanked at the end of the tenth session. Burns not only outpointed McCoy, but he also gave him a severe beating. McCoy's first bout under Joe Burns' management. He looks like a promising lightweight.

No Scrimmage at Cornell.

ITHACA, N. Y., Nov. 8.—There was no scrimmage to-day at Cornell. The formations to be used against Michigan were tried out. Mueller is out of the game with a bad leg. Blumberg and Hyerson were used at the ends. Jewett was back in the game and Hoffman replaced Mueller and Speed took Hoffman's place.

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